

more exact summary of principles of the subjects treated than is this course.

Where, then, is the difficulty? In this, as we have already intimated: Here is a professor endeavoring to give off in a very limited number of lectures, not the outlines of a subject, but a full, though admirably condensed exposition of the whole subject under consideration. There are two methods by which the evil may be cured, either of which would make this course an excellent one. The first we have already suggested: it is to have the course of lectures printed and placed in the hands of the students. The time allotted for the lecture might then be profitably employed in explaining difficulties and in applying principles. There would be no danger of the course growing old in the hands of the present lecturer, who, doubtless, would encounter little difficulty in engraving into the course such changes as later legislation and decisions of the court might introduce.

There is yet another remedy, which, however, in view of recent events and arguments we refer to with some diffidence. It would be, nevertheless, an effectual and a sure cure for the trouble complained of in such a course as this: it is give *more lectures*.

We shall be obliged to defer the discussion of *Civil Procedure* to another issue.

A NEW LAW PROFESSOR.

The vacancy created in the teaching staff of the law school by the death of the late Dr. Kerr is, we understand, about to be filled by the appointment of Mr. Arch. McGoun, jun., B.A. '76 and B. C. L. '78. It is not yet decided what chair the new professor will take, but it is probable that there will be a redistribution. We are of opinion that no more wise choice could have been made. Mr. McGoun is a young man, earnest and painstaking in everything he undertakes. Being a young man, his professional duties are not so burdensome as to prevent him from devoting a good share of his time to the work of the college. He is fond of study, and we should say, of literary pursuits.

At the last election of Representative Fellows we considered it our duty to oppose Mr. McGoun, who was a candidate for that position. In view of the position of affairs at Corporation, we are still of opinion that we acted for the best in that opposition, and are just as strongly of the opinion now that there is not an available man among our law graduates who will fill a professor's chair with more benefit to the school itself, with more advantage to its students, or with more acceptance to the graduates at large.

We heartily congratulate Mr. McGoun upon the honor of being selected for this position, and the school

upon securing the services of one of its graduates who is so admirably fitted for the position.

A WORD OF WELCOME.

It may not be generally known that another institution for the higher education of young women has requested and obtained permission to become one of the sisterhood of Colleges, which cluster around our Alma Mater.

We refer to the Trafalgar Institute, Simpson street, Montreal.

With a competent staff, it is the intention of this school to give a thorough practical education, up to the standard of University matriculation.

The GAZETTE has great pleasure in wishing it every success, and with a board of trustees, among whom are numbered Sir Donald A. Smith and Sir W. Dawson, and with such a proficient principal as Miss Grace Fairley, M.A., Edinburgh, there is every reason to hope for success.

Poetry.

DESCARTES AND HUXLEY.

The breath of summer stirred her hair,
And swept a tress adward his cheek,
And as his warm blood met it there
He had it in his heart to speak,
For something in the softness
Of that gold ringlet unconfin'd,
Filled him with longing to possess,
And whispered that the maid was kind.

An open book lay on her knee,
And both its pages closely scanned.
It was no ornate poetry,
No novel from a master hand;
'Twas full of scientific lore
And unto strange conclusions led,
The book that they were leaning o'er,
The youth and maiden, bend to head.

She read: "Brute animals are mere
Machines, devoid of consciousness,
They do not love, nor hate, nor fear,
Experience pleasure nor distress;
And man; no more than this is he:
Let him not boast his intellect;
In thought, in act he is not free,—
External forces him direct."

She closed the book and veiled her eyes,
Soft lashes wooed each downy cheek.
He gazed and thought: "In Paradise
Surely the sprites a transient seek."
Then spake the maiden dreamily
And asked: "Can these stern words be true?
Are we automata, or free,
Or good or bad to know and do?"

Swiftly he answered—still the tress
Against his cheek, they sat so near,—
"What others are, we can but guess,
But, with ourselves, the truth is clear.
The love for thee within my heart,
The joy I know when thou art nigh,
Are not a paltry, force-rud part
Of some complex machinery.

"The love of mother for her child,
The creed of an eternal soul,
How can such things be reconciled
With credences in mere force-control?
What force external to the mind
Can cause sublimed self-sacrifice?
Ah, no! methinks that human kind
Is not some well-made, dead device.